

WIT AND HUMOR.

The dog law is a protective tariff on bark.

Man is like a glass of beer. Blowing the top of his head off settled him.

"I guess I'll push along," is what the man with the wheelbarrow said.

The man who has been round with the boys half the night is likely to feel flat the next morning.

If tramps only knew enough to go in gangs they would be called gypsies and be thought romantic.

A mortgage on a house is like a worm-hole in an apple. Before you know it there is more worm-hole than fruit.

It is all very well to say: "Give a boy a chance to work at what he takes to." But supposing he doesn't take to anything?

"I have a fresh cold," said a gentleman to his acquaintance. "Why do you have a fresh one? Why don't you have it cured?"

"Can you find room for a scribe on your paper?" "Not unless you want to subscribe." And again was that scholarly youth crushed.

Talk of human pride. Can anything equal the haughtiness of a boarding-house keeper who has just had two applications for one vacancy?

If a man could only lose both cuff-buttons at the same time he would be all right. It is losing one that kills him.

A Chinaman has written a poem on a grain of rice. Let American poets follow his example. Grains of rice won't fill up a waste-basket very fast.

Justice don't always miscarry. We know of a young man who has averaged a pun a minute during his waking hours this summer. He's in jail now.

Government Official—"Patrick, were you a minor when you landed in America?" Candidate for Naturalization—"No, your honor, I was a bricklayer."

Those people who want to know why printers call the boy "the devil" can readily bring themselves to understand it by employing a boy for a few days.

A very popular shade is called students' blue. It is about the color of a Harvard man's eyelid after he has been out late and had a tussle with a Boston policeman.

The meekest kind of a man is the man who will at this season give to a tramp a straw hat when he knows that if the tramp wears it he'll get gived to death.

"You will find the painting looks better a little way off," said the artist. And Fogg asked, quite innocently, "Would half a mile be far enough off, do you think?"

Arabi Bey had a lot of sympathy in this country until he got licked. Everybody now says that he was a cantankerous rebel who ought to have been clubbed on the start.

Nitro-glycerine tapers are now used for clearing farm lands of stumps. You put the torpedo under a stump, make your will, say your prayers, and touch it off.

Some young men have habits of playing poker at the clubs after having made the calls of fashion. By this method they shine not only in society, but sit till late elsewhere.

Some philosopher has observed that "to be a good conversationalist one must needs be a good listener." This is especially true if the conversation is to be by telephone.

Said Mr. Moriarity, in explanation of his battered appearance: "Ye see the horse I was driving was a mule." And Mr. Finnegan replied: "Ye need say no more, Dennis."

"Yes," said the gilded youth of his friend, "Jack has a passion for proposing to girls. Why, I've known of his proposing to six girls in a week, not one of whom he'd marry for a farm."

"Doesn't he run a terrible risk of being accepted by somebody he doesn't want?" "Not a bit. He isn't worth a dollar."

The gentleman stopped on the coal-dealer's platform scales and asked to be weighed. The dealer said: "Why, certainly," and called to the man: "Askle to take the weight. And the man thought it was coal he was weighing and slumped back the weight six hundred pounds."

"To-morrow's Sunday, isn't it, amma?" "Yes, dear." "Mayn't I play with the cards and build castles with them?" "Certainly not, dear." "I'm mamma, mightn't I play with the cards?" "You know, if I build a church with them?"

The title of the lesson was, "The rich young man," and the golden text was, "One thing thou lackest." A teacher in the primary class asked a little tot to repeat the two, and, looking earnestly into the young lady's face, the child said: "One thing thou lackest—a rich young man."

A woman forgot to send home some work on Saturday. On Sunday morning she told a little girl who lived with her to put on her things and take the bundle under her shawl to the lady's house. "Nobody will see it," she said. "But is it not Sunday under my shawl, aunt?" asked the child.

In a recent lecture, Henry Ward Beecher said: "In this country smart men have always a chance." That is true enough; but after they have had it hundreds of times they shake their country and go to Canada and stay until the directors fix up the affair with the stockholders.

"Yes, you may come again next Sunday evening, Charley, dear, but—"

"What is it, darling? Have I given you pain?" he asked, as she still remained silent. "You didn't mean to, I'm sure," she responded, but next time don't wear one of those collars with the points turned outward; they scratch so."

They were talking of Esop's fables. "Esop was no fool," said young Jo from Eton to Lavinia. Mrs. Ramsbotham, entering at the moment, overheard this, and at once replied: "Well, I don't know about that. At all events, it was very wicked of him to tell his birth right for a mess of porridge."—Punch.

A wealthy father is giving good advice to his son, who is about to enter society: "And, above all, avoid flirtations. But if you must flirt, or fall in love, sir, be sure that it is with a pretty woman. It is always safer."

"Because some other fellow will be sure to be attracted and cut you out before any harm has been done."

A man never loses anything by being polite. A Buffalo gentleman, waiting for a train, saw a woman slip upon something and nearly fall. He hurried to assist her and helped her to rise, and as he did so she dropped a valise which proved to be his own, which he had left in the depot a few minutes before, and which she was attempting to steal.

A notorious scamp, much affected in a revival, once went to Jonathan Edwards, and said to him, in the religious parlance of the time: "I realize that I am the chief of sinners." Glad to hear it," replied the dominie; "your neighbors have long realized it." "I feel," persisted the whining penitent, "that I am willing to be damned for the glory of God." "Well," replied the hard-hearted preacher, "I don't know anybody around here that would have the slightest objection."

Rector (whose curate has lately left the parish), visiting old woman—"Well, Betty, I expect you will miss Mr. Robinson a good deal?" Betty—"Oh, yes, sir! He was a beautiful young man, sir!" Rector—"Well, he was a very good man, Betty; but I don't know about his being exactly 'beautiful.'" Betty—"Oh, he weren't much to look at in the face, I know, but, lor, sir, his innards was lovely."—Judy.

During the rebuilding of an orthodox church in a Massachusetts town the society worshiped morning and evening in the Unitarian church, the building being occupied in the afternoon by the Unitarians. A visiting clergyman at the evening service, having called upon the Lord to bless the evening and morning service, added: "And thou bless as much of the afternoon service as thou approvest."

We call the attention of our eastern friends to the fall styles in lynching in Wyoming and to the advancement thus being made in crude justice. The telegraph pole has about played out here now as a western aid to speedy vindication and the advantage of a box car as a convenient lynching apparatus will be seen by all, and the day is not far distant when a car fitted up like a wrecking car only with a vigilance committee, coroner, coroner's jury, rope, etc., will be the popular thing. If the day ever comes when such a necktie chariot roams up and down the land, people will begin to look over their past record when they see it coming, and reform.

Wyoming may not be very recherche in many ways, but she has made some gallant strides in the way of sudden equity. Justice may be slow in the old world, but in Wyoming results come treading upon the heels of crime and effect somehow seems to follow rapidly on the trail of cause.

The Pullman Palace Lynching car will have every convenience and be managed so as to give perfect satisfaction to all. It will be held subject to telegram and when the average bold, bad man, who is too handy with a six shooter, kills the principal business man in town, it will be coupled to an engine as soon as the wicked man can get himself in shape, the excursion train will come and take him along. When business is good, and several telegrams have to be attended to the first man can be hung while the car is making forty miles per hour on the way to the second man.

No doubt there are croakers who will sneer at this suggestion and claim that it is impossible, but other inventors besides us have been hooted at. When Galileo invented the steamboat and Archimedes discovered her lever, and Edison found out that the earth revolved on its hind feet, they were all laughed at because they were so far in advance of the age in which they lived. That may be our fate, but we cannot help it, when we get one of those glorious ideas, we just go to work and print it, and then let humanity avail itself of the statement or turn its back upon us and grope on through the black nights of ages.—Lamarie Boomerang.

Ever since Victor Hugo told the story of Little Gavroche in "Les Misérables," there has been great interest in the "gamins" of Paris. These little fellows often leave good homes and wander in the streets in poverty, in order to gain what they call "liberty." But their adventures are often amusing. An urchin of this class was brought into court in Paris the other day, charged with being a vagrant. His mother appeared to make an appeal for him, and the following dialogue ensued:

"Your boy was found sleeping in one of the parks last night," said the justice. "This will never do."

"You hear," said the mother to the boy. "That will never do! You are a bad boy." (To the judge): "But excuse him this time, your honor; he is a very good boy."

"So you want to see if you can keep the boy at home in future?" said the justice.

"Yes, your honor; he is my only boy. (To the boy): Remember, this is the last time, you serpent, whom I have warmed in my breast!"

"How did he happen to run away?" "I had sent him out in the morning to buy a loaf of bread and a jug of milk. After he bought them, I saw him going down the street after a band of soldiers. I waited an hour, two hours, all day. You can imagine my feelings. At last, in the evening, he came in with the milk and bread and put them on the table, and only said, 'Here they are!'"

"So I caught up the long roll of bread to chastise him, as he deserved. But just as I brought it down he fled through the door, and the bread flew out of my hand and knocked over the milk and then rolled into the street. So he did not dare to come back. But he always means well, poor boy! (To the boy): You little rascal! Just you wait!"

"Well, you may try to keep him in order. He is given up to you during good behavior."

"Yes, your honor; I will care for the little lamb! (seizing the boy by the coat collar.) Now, villain, come home. We will see who is master!"

The spectators laughed. The woman's "bark" was evidently worse than her "bite."

The Toothpick Question.
Translated from the Omnibus? Guest, to the landlord—"Mr. Landlord, the box with toothpicks stands again not upon the table."

Landlord—"Toothpicks there are with me no more."

Guest—"Why them not?"

Landlord—"Know you, in former times, then were the guests so cultured, and stuck the toothpicks, after the use, again in the box. But nowadays takes every man one with him. So much the business can't afford."

The Biggest Idea Yet.
They looked hungry and tired, and they were certainly ragged and dirty as they were espied by a Wall street news reporter sitting in the shade of the depot.

"Jim!" suddenly remarked one, "I've struck the biggest idea yet!"

"Found a plug of tobacco?"

"Not much; suppose us two could buy every line of railroad in the United States?"

"Yes."

"Look what our income would be for a week! It couldn't be less than \$25,000. We keep 'em four weeks, secure a fortune of \$50,000 each, and then sell out and go to Europe."

"Come on!"

They hopefully entered the depot to make arrangements with the ticket agent to buy that road as a starter, but in two minutes one came out of the door on the jump and the other went through a back window which was open.

Cannot Stand Civilization.
The population of Honolulu is 10,000, nearly half of whom is American, the other half being made up of natives, of Chinese and some English. Of the merchants and commercial men a majority are Americans, the balance are English. There are also a few Chinese merchants. The natives, when the missionaries first visited them, numbered 400,000, but to-day there are not over 30,000 natives on the island. Like all Indians or aborigines, they cannot stand civilization or progress. The descendants of the old missionaries fell in with new modes of life. When the missionaries first settled on the island they brought up their children with puritan strictness, but other people coming in among them, they were soon infused with the spirit of enterprise and took up grants of land and learned how to make money. Most of the missionaries sent their children to this country to acquire an education, and they returned with modern ideas. This, with the infusion of the foreign element, has produced a society in Honolulu, which is equal in education and refinement to that of any other city.—St. Louis Republican.

Mistaken.
Though we may pity near-sighted people, it is almost impossible sometimes to avoid laughing at their ludicrous, though unconsiderate, blunders. Perhaps the most considerate of gentlemen could not have helped smiling if he had witnessed either of the following "scenes."

A lady while riding recently with a gentleman, in a strange city, exclaimed, "How strange to lay out a new cemetery in the crowded part of a city!"

"Oh," replied the gentleman, "this is not a cemetery it is a park."

"I thought those signs on the posts very singular for a cemetery, but they are stranger still for a park," said the lady.

"Why what is on them?" asked her friend, greatly surprised at the remark.

"Why," she replied, "you certainly see those little signs all along.—Weep o'er the Graves?"

"No," replied the gentleman, "but I see on them, 'Keep off the Grass!'"

A Boston minister was walking down Washington street just after the assassination of Gen. Garfield, and overheard a man, who was trying to read from a paper in a shop-window, Garfield's words.

"God reigns, and the Government at Washington still lives."

"Why! Why! This is blasphemous! See!" he exclaimed, to his companion.

"It says, 'God resigns His government at Washington!'"

A quiet little suburban lady one day stopped another lady on Tremont street, Boston, and said, "Oh, I'm glad to see you. I want to make some inquiries about a poor person in whom you are interested."

The lady addressed looked as much surprised as if she had never been interested in a poor person; but taking the proffered hand, said, "You surprise me; I thought you had left town. Let us step into this doorway."

As they "stepped in," they came very close together, and the philanthropic lady stopped, flushed, and said, "Pray excuse me, I'm mistaken; I am very near-sighted, and I thought you were Miss A.—the City Missionary."

"Indeed!" answered the lady with big white puffs. "Well, I am mistaken, too. I thought you were my neighbor in Beacon street—till I took a good look at you. I am also near-sighted."

The two looked a little mortified, and Beacon street—of the new style—smiled faintly and moved on; and the quiet little suburban lady smiled and moved on too.

Serious results sometimes arise from near-sightedness, and it should be looked after somewhat and carefully treated in young people. Have our schools any responsibility in this matter?—Youth's Companion.

Bertha Miller, of New York, aged only sixteen years, has succeeded in swallowing a ten-dollar gold piece. Here's your savings bank, young gentlemen.

The Nativ Natl. Association.
The Nativ Natl. Association, of Nashville, Tenn., pays \$2,000 to each member producing a certificate of the paternity of a pair of twin babies.

A POWERFUL CONTRAST.
When the soldiers of the dark ages were attacked with tetter, they could do nothing but suffer. Medical science had not yet developed a cure. This labor of love and humane duty was left for Dr. Swaney, whose Ointment for skin diseases is as infallible in its results, as were the inspiring potency of Patrick Henry's memorable words "Give me liberty or give me death."

Wouldn't Charge Anything for His Services.
"I've stolen a coat," said a man to a lawyer. "And I want you to defend me. Think you can prove me innocent?"

"O, yes; we can prove that you were in an adjoining township when the coat was stolen and that the prosecution is malicious."

"How much will you charge?"

"What sort of a coat is it?"

"First rate; never been worn any."

"Well, I won't charge you anything. Just give me the coat."

Stage Emotion.
It is curious, by the way, how differently stage emotion affects different people. For instance, when "The Banker's Daughter" was on, a couple of weeks ago, many women wept copiously. Some of them were hard-hearted wretches, too. One of the dampest there I had seen stab reputations with as little compunction as a bug-hunter would impale a beetle upon a pin. And a certain Boniface I wot of, who will skin you alive if he has a fair show, wept profusely. So did Zulana. As the curtain was falling I said to her:

"How well Mrs. Tresestellas is looking to-night!"

Zulana looked up through her tears. "And what a very handsome dress that she has on."

"Pooh!" cried Zulana, "she bought that stuff because it looks like cloth, but it isn't—it's only suiting. And those buttons she's stuck all over it only cost two bits a dozen. I'll wager the whole suit could be had for thirty dollars."

"Indeed!" I replied, "what a very lucky fellow Tresestellas is. But I see the play has moved you, my dear. Pardon me for disturbing you."—Argonaut.

A New Orleans Negro's Distinction.
What do you think of this history of one of your New Orleans boys. I am quite sure he was known in New Orleans by a different name from that which he bears now; but may be some of your readers may guess who he was before he took the name of Amadon Abdul and became a sub-lieutenant in the spahis of Senegal and won the Cross of the Legion of Honor. The ace of spades is not blacker than Amadon Abdul. Believe him; his family were for many generations kings "l'antaro" in negro tongue) in Africa. Born and bred in New Orleans, he learned there to speak French perfectly. He went to Senegal enlisted, organized, drilled, armed, equipped and clad (viz: with a fig-leaf) 1,500 native Senegaliens, with whom he fought for France and so gallantly he was rewarded with a sub-lieutenant's commission and the Cross of the Legion of Honor. His health became impaired and he came to Paris on furlough. Being here he ordered the costume of a great sheik, that if his health failed him and he became obliged to resign his commission he might have a civil suit suited with his hereditary position. The tailors he patronized, instead of bringing him a brilliant costume still with gold embroidery, brought him a spahi's jacket, of which he has a dozen, so he refused it. The tailors brought and lost lawsuit to recover cost of the jacket.—Paris Cor.

Behind the Times.
A gentleman was driving about Lancaster, Pa., the other day, with a friend from Altoona, showing him the places of interest, and, among others, pointed out Wheatland, saying it was the home of James Buchanan. "Who's James Buchanan?" queried the Altoona gentleman. Shocked beyond measure at the question, the other replied: "Why, is it possible you never heard that he was at one time president of the United States?" "Oh, yes; I had forgotten," responded the gentleman from the mountain district, "what's he doing now?"

There was once a gentleman who became known to a limited fame because, after living in Boston for eight years and occupying an office within five minutes' walk of Faneuil hall during most of that period, he pleaded ignorance when a stranger asked him where the immortal edifice was, and confessed that he had never seen it.

Hand in hand with him down the flowery paths of local tradition should go the well-to-do citizen of the American Athens who recently looked upon the picture of Warren in the Old South church, now on exhibition at the Mechanics' fair, and asked a by-stander what it represented. "That is Warren addressing the people of Boston from the pulpit of the Old South church during the British occupation." "Oh, is it?" replied the well-to-do citizen, evidently somewhat puzzled; "happened some time ago, hey?"

The coal mine a few miles north of Tenino, Washington territory, and particularly known as the mine opened by Gov. Salomon and Col. Bee some years ago, is on fire. Smoke issues from the ground for some distance around, and the ground is very hot. A few years ago the coal at the shaft got on fire, but it was supposed to be all extinguished. It has probably been burning since that time slowly, until now the whole vein is on fire.

Lord Chesterfield, noticing a very grave and awkward couple dancing a minuet, said they looked as if they were doing it for money, and were doubtful about getting paid.

Price Reduced.
Anticipating the removal of the Stamp Tax at no distant day, the Magnetic Medicine Co., of Detroit, as will be seen by their new advertisement that appears in to-day's paper, have reduced the price of their medicine from one dollar per package to fifty cents, and when twelve packages are ordered at one time, and five dollars paid for the same, they issue a written guarantee agreeing to refund the money if the full course of treatment fails to effect a cure. We have no doubt the Magnetic Medicine will have a large sale in every section of the country, as few medicines are sold at as low a price, and what is especially in its favor is the guarantee of its effecting a cure. The medicine is sold at all Drug Stores, everywhere. Guarantees are issued in Owosso and county by all druggists.

BEATTY ORGANS.
27 Stops, 10 Sets Reeds, \$90

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